501
COMICS &
STORIES

WHITMAN

90011

Walt Disney's COMICS and stories

60¢

WALT DISNEY

HUEY, DEWEY and LOUIE JUNIOR WOOD-CHUCKS

They're looking for you!
And you'll find them in
WHITMAN COMICS

Walt Disney

DONALD DUCK

WANT TO BUY AN ISLAND?

WR-W.D.C.*235

HUEY, LOUIE, AND DEWEY DUCK LIKE THEIR SCHOOL! THE LESSONS ARE SO MUCH FUN!

TODAY WE WILL PLAY THAT WE ARE ALL *BIG BUSINESS MEN*!

OH, BOY! I'D LIKE TO BE A *BANKER*!

I'D LIKE TO BE A *MERCHANT*!

A BIRD

A CAT

$\frac{2}{\sqrt{\pi}}\int_0^T e^{-t^2} dt \quad \frac{2}{\sqrt{\pi}} e^{-t^2}$

I'LL PRETEND I'M A BIG *LANDLORD* WITH LOTS OF LAND FOR SALE!

THAT'S THE SPIRIT, DEWEY! WHO WANTS TO BUY SOME LAND FROM DEWEY?

I WILL! I WANT TO BUY AN *ISLAND*!

HOW *BIG* AN ISLAND, AND IN *WHAT* OCEAN, STRANGER?

I, LORD FATWALLET, WANT *THAT* ISLAND!

IN THE WEST INDIES? I OWN *ALL* THOSE ISLANDS! I'LL SELL IT TO YOU CHEAP!

WHEN ONE BUYS LAND THE SELLER GIVES HIM A *DEED*! HERE IS A DEED TO FILL OUT!

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GEE! THIS IS A LEGAL-LOOKING PAPER!

IT IS REAL *DEED* PAPER, JUST LIKE GROWN-UPS USE FOR THEIR LAND SALES!

"I, THE DUKE OF BAHAMA, FOR VALUE RECEIVED DO SELL UNTO LORD FATWALLET THE FOLLOWING ISLAND, TO WIT—"

IT IS NAMED HOGWASH CAY, AND IT IS NINETY MILES NORTH BY WEST FROM—

SOON!

EXCELLENT, BOYS! NOT EVEN *LAWYERS* COULD WRAP UP A LAND SALE SO NEATLY!

WE DID ALL RIGHT, HUH?

YES, BUT LORD FATWALLET SHOULD BE NAMED LORD *FATHEAD*! NO *SMART* GROWN-UP WOULD BUY AN ISLAND IN A FAR-OFF OCEAN WITHOUT AT LEAST *SEEING* IT!

AND THAT IS THE LESSON YOU MUST REMEMBER AS YOU BECOME *BIG* BUSINESS MEN— *NEVER BUY ANYTHING YOU CAN'T SEE FROM SOMEONE YOU DON'T KNOW!*

LUCKILY WE WERE ONLY PLAYING GAMES!

THE WASTEBASKET IS EMPTIED INTO A TRASH TRUCK!

THE TRUCK EMPTIES ITS PAPERS ONTO THE DUCKBURG DUMP!

AS I LIVE AND BREATHE— A DEED TO SOME *VALUABLE* LAND!

HOGWASH CAY IN THE WEST INDIES! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY I CAN MAKE A FAST BUCK OUT OF THIS FIND — THERE IS!

NOT FAR AWAY!

UNCA DONALD HASN'T EVEN NOTICED THAT WE'RE HOME FROM SCHOOL!

HE HAS A GONE LOOK IN HIS EYES, LIKE HE'S 'WAY 'WAY OUT IN DREAMLAND!

I'M TIRED OF CITIES AND NOISES AND PEOPLE AND GARDENS! I WISH I LIVED ON AN *ISLAND*!

I'D HAVE NO LAWN TO MOW, NO GAS BILLS TO PAY —

NOW, *THERE'S* A SIMPLE-LOOKING SOUL WHO MIGHT BE JUST MY PIGEON!

HE IS!

YOU'RE OFFERING ME THIS BEAUTIFUL ISLAND FOR ONLY *TEN DOLLARS*? IT SOUNDS *TOO GOOD* TO BE TRUE, LORD FATWALLET!

I AM TEMPORARILY OUT OF FUNDS, ELSE I WOULDN'T LET YOU CLIP ME!

YOU SAY THE ISLAND HAS A *GRASS SHACK* ON IT, YOUR LORDSHIP?

YES, AND A *CABANA* ON THE BEACH! AND *BANANAS* GROWING WILD LIKE WEEDS!

GOSH!

AND SO —

"I, LORD FATWALLET, FOR VALUE RECEIVED DO SELL UNTO DONALD DUCK THE ISLAND DESCRIBED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS PAPER —"

PACK UP YOUR THINGS, BOYS! WE'RE OFF TO THE WEST INDIES! I'VE JUST BOUGHT AN *ISLAND*!

HUH?

WHO FROM?

HIM!

A *STRANGER*!

HOW MUCH DID YOU PAY HIM?

TEN DOLLARS!

DID YOU EVER *SEE* THE ISLAND?

DO YOU KNOW IF IT'S *WORTH* TEN DOLLARS?

NOW, LOOK HERE, SQUARES! *NOBODY* CAN GO WRONG BUYING AN ISLAND FOR *TEN DOLLARS*—NOT EVEN IF IT'S INFESTED WITH *CANNIBALS*!

MAYBE SO! BUT THAT'S NOT THE WAY WE HEARD IT IN SCHOOL!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER!

I'VE GOT TO STUDY THE CHART AGAIN, BOYS! KEEP THE BOAT ON ITS PRESENT COURSE!

CAN'T *WE* HAVE A LOOK AT THE CHART, UNCA DONALD?

WE'D LIKE TO KNOW WHERE WE ARE, TOO!

YES! AND WHERE WE'RE *GOING*!

YOU BOYS MADE ME MAD WITH YOUR HOOTS AND JEERS! I WON'T TELL YOU A *THING* ABOUT MY ISLAND TILL WE GET THERE!

AHA! I SEE IT! IT'S THE *MIDDLE ONE* OF THAT ROW OF ISLANDS!

ISLANDS? THOSE DRY-TOPPED SHOALS?

THEY'RE MIGHTY *SPECIAL* ISLANDS! READ THAT WARNING MARKER!

KEEP AWAY! NO SIGHTSEERS ALLOWED BEYOND THESE BUOYS!

KEEP AWAY

THAT DOESN'T APPLY TO *ME*! I'M AN *OWNER*!

I WONDER WHO PUT OUT THOSE BUOYS?

WE DIDN'T GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO READ THE *FINE PRINT*!

OH,OH! WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY ISLAND? THERE'S NO *GRASS SHACK*! NO *CABANA* ON THE BEACH!

MAYBE THEY'RE VISIBLE AT *LOW TIDE*!

I EXPECTED *BANANAS*, BUT THERE'S ONLY SCRUB BRUSH!

THAT BRUSH MAY BE *DWARF* BANANAS!

THIS ISLAND ISN'T LIKE HIS LORDSHIP DESCRIBED IT! I'M GOING ASHORE AND FIND OUT *WHY*!

HIS *LORDSHIP*?

DOGGONE THAT NOBLE SWINDLER! THIS CAY ISN'T EVEN A GOOD *BIRD ROOST*!

I'LL BE DOUBLE BUGGED! A RING OF *OIL BARRELS* ON MY ISLAND!

AND THERE'S SOMETHING IN THAT DUNE THAT LOOKS LIKE A *PILL BOX*!

THE MYSTERY DEEPENS – THERE'S A *MAN* IN HERE, AND A LOT OF RADIO STUFF!

SOMETHING MIGHTY *SUSPICIOUS* ABOUT THAT! MY ISLAND MAY BE A HANGOUT FOR *SPIES*!

WORSE YET, IT MAY BE A FUELING STATION FOR PIRATE *SUBMARINES*!

DID I SEE SOMEBODY LOOK IN THE WINDOW?

THAT COULD SPOIL OUR WHOLE DAY'S OPERATION!

I'LL CLOBBER THIS GUY *NOW* AND ASK HIS BUSINESS LATER!

CLONK

???

WHAT'S UNCA DONALD DOING BACK THERE IN THE BRUSH?

KICKING HIMSELF, I SUPPOSE! HA!

HERE'S THE CHART! LET'S SNEAK A PEEK AT IT AND SEE WHAT ISLAND THIS IS!

HE'LL HAVE IT MARKED!

HOGWASH CAY!

WHERE'S THAT *DEED* HE'S BEEN KEEPING FROM OUR SIGHT? I'VE JUST HAD AN AWFUL THOUGHT!

CAPTAIN'S LOCKER

IT'S THE PLAY DEED WE MADE UP IN SCHOOL!

POOR UNCA DONALD! HE'S GOING TO BLOW HIS JETS WHEN HE FINDS OUT I AM LORD FATWALLET!

UNCA DONALD, COME BACK!

GROAN

? ? ?

WAK! IT'S A MAN WEARING SOME KIND OF **BADGE**!

RANGE OBSERVER!

HEY! DID YOU SEE OUR UNCA DONALD? HE'S A DUCK!

I SAW HIM-YES! TWO SECONDS TOO LATE! HE MUST BE OFF HIS ORBIT — BUSTING ME!

WE'LL HAVE TO STOP HIM BEFORE HE DOES MORE DAMAGE!

STATION EIGHT, TAKE COVER! BIRD ONE IS ON ITS WAY!

BIRD ONE? WHAT KIND OF SPY TALK IS THAT?

I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THOSE BARRELS THEN SEND THE KIDS FOR THE F.B.I.!

THERE'S UNCA DONALD NOW!

HE CAN'T GO **THERE**! THAT'S THE **TARGET** AREA OF **MISSILES** THEY'RE FIRING FROM CAPE CANTRAVELWELL!

UNCA DONALD, **COME BACK!**

TAKE COVER! BIRD FLYING!

A ROCKET'S COMING NOW!

NO T ME TO GET YOUR UNCLE! WE HAVE TO *SEAL UP*!

ARCING FROM SPACE. BIRD ONE ZEROES ON HOONASH CAY!

WHOM

YEOW! IT'S *HOT* HERE! WHAT'S THE CELEBRATION?

A *FIRE MISSILE*!

YES! THE FOREST SERVICE IS TESTING IT FOR STARTING BACKFIRES!

UNCA DONALD'S RINGED BY F RES! HE CAN'T GET OUT!

HE WILL IN A MOMENT! LISTEN!

BIRD TWO FLYING!

THE INFRA RED EYES OF BIRD TWO HOME IN ON THE BLAZING OIL BARRELS!

WHOOM

THAT IS A *FIRE-CHOKING* MISSILE, BOYS! DESIGNED TO FIND AND *SMOTHER* FOREST FIRES BEFORE THEY CAN SPREAD!

I SURRENDER!

UNCA DONALD!

AND SO—

THE MISSILE CREWS WILL BE PROUD! THEY HAVE *PROVED* SOMETHING TODAY!

UNCA DONALD PROVED SOMETHING, TOO, S.R!

WHAT'S THAT, SONNY?

THAT ANY FUZZTAIL WHO BUYS AN ISLAND SIGHT-UNSEEN FROM A STRANGER IS ASKING FOR A *CLEANING*!

AND I GET IT DOUBLE! GO EASY WITH THOSE BRISTLE BRUSHES, BOYS!

Walt Disney

Li'l BAD WOLF

Ronk Ronk

STUFFING POP WITH LUNCH IS A GOOD WAY TO PUT HIM OUT OF ACTION!

Z

NOW I CAN SNEAK AWAY TO *PICNIC* WITH THE THREE PIGS... WITH NO FEAR OF POP CATCHING THEM!

Z

THAT'S WHAT *HE* THINKS!

HEE-HEE! I PUT THIS BIG SALAD BOWL ON TOP OF MY TUMMY 'CAUSE I WAS SUSPICIOUS!

I'D MUCH RATHER HAVE THE *PIGGIES* FOR LUNCH... OR THEIR *PICNIC YUMMIES!*

BJT, PRACTICAL PIG'S "WOLF-SCOPE" SCANS THE WOODS...

UM-OH! THE BIG BAD WOLF IS ON THE PROWL!

BUT HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE STUFFED ASLEEP!

AND WE'RE DUE TO MEET LI'L WOLF FOR OUR PICNIC NOW!

HMM...

DON'T DESPAIR, BROTHERS! I HAVE AN IDEA!

I'M PACKING AN EXTRA SPECIAL PICNIC BASKET JUST FOR THE OCCASION!

?

?

MEANWHILE...

THE PIGS ARE LATE!

OH! HERE THEY COME NOW!

IT'S ABOUT TIME! (SLURP!)

HI, LI'L WOLF!

GOODNESS, YOU MUST HAVE PACKED A BIG PICNIC IN YOUR BASKET!

(WHEW!) IT IS A LOT TO TOTE!

OKAY... DROP IT AND RUN, BROTHERS!

HUH?? BUT AREN'T YOU GOING TO EAT ANY OF...

OUT OF MY WAY, LI'L WOLF!

POP!

AW, RATS! DO YOU HAVE TO BE SO CLUMSY, LI'L WOLF?!

UGH! YES... TO SAVE MY FRIENDS!

TRIP!

OH, WELL... NOW I'LL JUST GOBBLE UP THEIR YUMMY PICNIC GOODIES! (SLURP!)

H-HEY! WH-WHAT'S THIS?!

ARGH! IT'S ONE OF PRACTICAL PIG'S AWFUL ANTI-WOLF INVENTIONS!

(WHEW!)

YEP! WE WERE ALERTED TO YOU, BAD WOLF!

LEMME DOWN!

HMM...

LET'S PUT MY POP'S ENERGY TO GOOD USE TO TEACH HIM A LESSON, PRACTICAL!

HOW DO YOU MEAN?

AND SO...

HEH! HE CAN PICK THE GOOD BERRIES FROM HARD-TO-REACH PLACES!

BAH! WHEN ARE YOU GONNA LET ME DOWN?

ONLY WHEN WE'RE FULL AND YOU'RE TOO TIRED TO CHASE US!

Walt Disney GYRO GEARLOOSE

THE RAINY DAY

CAUGHT IN A SUDDEN SHOWER, GYRO'S FERTILE MIND SPROUTS AN IDEA...

BY GIZMO... THIS WON'T HAPPEN TO ME AGAIN!

Caution: LAB OF GYRO GEARLOOSE

HE LABORS INDUSTRIOLSLY...

TINKER! TINKER! CLINK!

UNTIL...

IT LOOKS LIKE MY *OLD* HAT... BUT IT'S REALLY A *RAIN* HAT!

FIDDLE-STICKS! WHEN YOU WANT RAIN THERE'S NEVER A CLOUD IN THE SKY!

BUT MY NEIGHBOR'S *SPRINKLER* IS ON!

PRESTO! ONE DROP IS ENOUGH TO ACTIVATE MY RAIN HAT!

SPROING!

HEH! IT'S TESTED AND PROVED SUCCESSFUL!

HUH?? I'VE GOT A FUNNY FEELING IN MY STOMACH!

GREAT GIZMO! AN UP-DRAFT! I'M AIR-BORNE!

HELP!

WORSE YET... AFTER IT *DRIES* OFF IT WILL *CLOSE UP* AGAIN, AND...

(GULP!) WHAT A BIG *LET-DOWN* FOR ME!

(ULP!) I'M STILL GAINING ALTITUDE!

LOOK! A UFO!

NO! IT'S A BIRD!

OR MAYBE A MIRAGE!

I'VE GOT TO KEEP THIS UMBRELLA WET SO IT WON'T FOLD UP! HMM...

AHA! MY POCKET FIRE EXTINGUISHER!

BUT THE EXTINGUISHER [illegible]ON RLNS DRY, AND SO DOES THE UMBRELLA...

SSST--!

UH-OH!

(GULP!) IT'S FOLDING UP!

SNAP!

OH, WOE IS ME!

AN INVENTOR'S LIFE IS NOT A *LONG* ONE!

IT'S A FALLING STAR!

WHATEVER... IT'S FALLING LIKE A ROCK!

CRUNCH!

ERK!

PETE the PLUMBER

OOF!

THUD!

YOU OKAY, MAC?

ER... YES, SIR!

PLUMBER

BUT YOU, SIR, HAVE GIVEN ME *INVENTIVE INSPIRATION!*

?

AND SO...

THE PLUMBER'S FRIEND IS ALSO GYRO'S FRIEND!

I CAN'T GET BLOWN AWAY *NOW!*

SPOP!

Bambi was surprised one day when he found his friend Thumper sitting quietly in a glade in the forest. Usually Thumper was much too lively to sit still for long.

"What's the matter?" asked Bambi.

Thumper sighed a big, deep sigh. "It's my sister Clarinda," he explained. "She's gone away. She says she's going to be a tame white rabbit."

"A white rabbit!" Bambi gasped. "How can Clarinda be a white rabbit? She's gray, just like you."

"I know," Thumper agreed. "But some campers who stayed in the meadow last week left behind a can of white stuff. Mr. Owl says it is talcum powder. I don't know what talcum powder is, really, but when Clarinda found the can and sprinkled some of it on herself, she turned white."

Bambi blinked. "You mean . . . Clarinda really is a white rabbit?"

"I guess so," Thumper said.

"Will she always be white?" asked Bambi.

"I don't know," replied Thumper. "You see, as soon as Clarinda found that she'd turned white, she decided she'd go and live with Farmer Brown's boy, over on the other side of the meadow. He keeps rabbits, you know — white ones with pink eyes."

"But those rabbits live in a cage," protested Bambi. "Will Clarinda like living in a cage?"

"Maybe not," Thumper answered. "But she says she'll like those big juicy carrots the boy feeds his rabbits. And she says the boy pets the rabbits, too. She thinks she'll like that very much."

Thumper's nose twitched mournfully. "It'll be awful lonely here without Clarinda."

"Never mind," Bambi comforted his friend. "Tonight, when it's dark, let's go to see her. Farmer Brown will never know if we creep quietly into his yard."

So that night Bambi and Thumper crossed the meadow and stole silently into Farmer Brown's yard. They found Clarinda in a cage with two other rabbits — big white rabbits with pink eyes.

"Hi, Clarinda," Thumper said cheerfully.

"Oh, Thumper!" said Clarinda. "I'm so glad to see you. Help me get out of here!"

"What's the matter? said Thumper. "I thought you wanted to be a tame rabbit."

"I did," Clarinda admitted. "But it isn't a bit like I thought it would be. Farmer Brown's boy found me in the garden and put me in here. If I try to run around I bump into the sides of the cage. And the other rabbits won't speak to me. They won't share their carrots with me, either. They say I'm a common, ordinary wild rabbit. And they're right. I want to go home!"

Clarinda began to cry.

Thumper brightened up. "Don't worry," he chuckled. "I'll get that old door open."

He reached up with his front paws and pushed on the latch. After a bit, it clicked open. Clarinda bounded out and began to run for home. Thumper and Bambi ran with her. Every once in a while Clarinda threw herself down on the grass and rolled over and over to get off the white talcum powder. By the time she reached her hollow tree-home all the powder was gone, and Clarinda looked just the way she always had.

Thumper grinned at Clarinda. "You know what Mom says," he told her. " 'Don't try to be what you are not' — or you'll regret it quite a lot." And Thumper chuckled because he'd made the last part up himself.

Walt Disney

CHIP 'N' DALE

STONE FACE RACE

CHIP 'N' DALE ARE IN TRAINING...

NUT WALK DEVELOPS BALANCE, AN'...

WHUPS! BETTER SLIP NOW THAN LATER!

SUN SETTIN'! WE SET, TOO! EARLY TO BED... EARLY UP FOR *STONE FACE RACE!*

SO, THE ATHLETES SLEEP DEEPLY...

CHIP 'N' DALE

ZZZ

IN FACT, THE WHOLE SQUIRREL-AND-CHIPMUNK COMMUNITY, TIRED FROM TRAINING, SLEEPS SOUNDLY...

Z

Z

Z

Z

SO SOUNDLY THAT NOBODY IS DISTURBED BY A STEALTHY BURGLAR...

HEH-HEH!

ZZZZ

MORNING, THE DAY OF THE STONE FACE RACE, ARRIVES...

(YAWN!) LET'S BREAKFAST AN' GET GOIN'!

YEH-YEH!

EEEK! BREAKFAST STOLEN!

SO'S LUNCH AN' DINNER... FOR WHOLE WEEK!

WE'VE BEEN ROBBED, TOO!

AND US!

IT'SA CRIME WAVE!

BUT, THERE'S NOT A SINGLE CLUE...

NOT EVEN A FOOTPRINT!

TOOT!

THERE'S LINE-UP TOOT!

TIME TO GET READY FOR STONE FACE RACE!

REAL NAME'S CYRUS P. WOOD-CHUCK, FAMOUS OL' WILD-LIFER!

MINUTES LATER, THE STARTING HORN...

PHONK!

CHIP 'N' DALE ARE OFF TO A GOOD START UP THE CLIFF...

YI! AVALANCHE!

LOTSA AVALANCHE!

HMM...

SAW SOMEBODY UP THERE, CHIP! C'MON... THIS WAY!

HUH??

SO WHY RUN UPPA TREE? SAME AS GIVIN' UP!

NOPE!

THIS ANOTHER WAY TO TOP OF CLIFF! C'MON!

SEE? TREE CLOSE TO CLIFF!

TREE TOP GETTIN' SKINNIER...

...AND BENDIER!

NOW WE LEAPITY-ACROSS TO CLIFF!

PSST! LOOK! AVALANCHE MAKER IS A MEAN-LOOKIN' JAY!

(ULP!) TOO MEAN FOR US TO TANGLE WITH!

OOPS! SLIPPY PLACE!

H-HELP!

HAPPY LANDIN' ONNA OVER-STUFFED JAY!

OOF!

LOOK IN CAVE! JAY IS BURGLAR... OVERSTUFFED WITH OUR STUFF!

UGH! ENOUGH'S ENOUGH!

HEY! JAY FLYIN' OFF!

HEY, PALS... RACE ON AGAIN!

AN' REWARD IS YOUR OWN BURGLED YUMMIES!

HOORAY!

Walt Disney **Mickey Mouse**

PINEAPPLE POACHERS

WR WDC '255

EPISODE II

MICKEY AND GOOFY ARE VISITING THE PLANTATION OF A HAWAIIAN FRIEND WHO HAS BEEN TROUBLED BY MYSTERIOUS PINEAPPLE THEFTS. HIS FIELD HANDS BLAME A LEGENDARY RACE OF TINY PEOPLE CALLED MENEHUNES, BUT MICKEY THINKS OTHERWISE...TILL ONE DAY NEAR THE SCENE OF THE LATEST THEFT...

G-GAWRSH! A TEENY FOOTPRINT! THAT MEANS THERE ***REALLY ARE*** LI'L PEOPLE STEALIN' THUH PINEAPPLES!

HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT IT LOOKS THAT WAY!

HMM! YESTERDAY YOUR HAT WAS SWEPT OVER THOSE FALLS

HOW'D IT GIT BACK?

HUNDREDS OF FEET TO THE VALLEY BELOW! TODAY WE FIND IT UP HERE UNDER A BUSH!

ROAR!

WHO KNOWS? LET'S GET TOM AND SHOW HIM THE FOOTPRINT! HE WON'T LIKE IT BECAUSE HE THINKS ORDINARY-TYPE PEOPLE ARE POACHING THE PINEAPPLES!

NEARBY...

SO THOSE SNOOPERS ARE WONDERING WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PINEAPPLES, EH? WE MIGHT JUST GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO FIND OUT!

WATCH YOUR FOOTING CROSSING THIS FAST STREAM! IT WOULD BE CURTAINS IF WE WENT OVER THE FALLS!

?

MICK! LOOK OUT! THERE'RE SOME LOGS HEADIN' TOWARD US!

JUMP ON THE LOG! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

MAKE LIKE A LUMBERJACK AND TRY TO REACH THE BANK!

YEOW!

OOPS!

PLOP!

UGH!

SWISH! JAM!

FLIP!

A BIT LATER...

MY MEN WERE CLEARING OFF SOME OLD PALM TREES JUST ABOVE HERE! THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO BURN THEM...NOT DUMP THEM IN THE RIVER!

I THOUGHT YOUR FOREMAN SAID THE LAST OF YOUR MEN QUIT! THEN WHO PUSHED THE LOGS IN?

MAYBE THUH LI'L PEOPLE DID!

THE MENEHUNES? NO, THEY ONLY WORK AT NIGHT! BESIDES, THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE VERY SHY, GENTLE AND HARMLESS!

OH?

YOU TALK LIKE YOU THINK THEY EXIST!

I'M NOT SO SURE! I NEVER TOOK TOO MUCH STOCK IN THOSE OLD LEGENDS!

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS TINY FOOT-PRINT?

HMMM! IT COULD HAVE BEEN MADE BY A MENEHUNE, I GUESS! PERHAPS THEY *ARE* THE THIEVES!

THERE'S ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! SINCE THE LITTLE PEOPLE ARE SUPPOSED TO LIVE DOWN IN THE VALLEY OF THE LOST ...THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING!

(GULP!) I WAS AFEERED YOU'D SAY THAT!

LATER... THE ONLY ENTRANCE TO THE VALLEY IS FROM THE SEA! IF WE CATCH THE TIDE AT THE RIGHT TIME IT WILL TAKE US THROUGH THAT NARROW OPENING!

L-LOOKS AWFUL SMALL FROM HERE!

HERE THEY COME! IF I GOT THE SPEED AND THE DROP FIGURED RIGHT, WE'LL SMASH 'EM LIKE A AN EGGSHELL! GET READY!

GOOD THING WE WERE HIDING IN THE BRUSH YESTERDAY AND OVER-HEARD THEM TELL THEIR PLANS TO TOM!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE AIMED ABOUT RIGHT!

AN' IF WE AREN'T?

THEN WE'LL OWE TOM THE PRICE OF AN OUTRIGGER... PROVIDED WE GET BACK TO PAY HIM!

(GULP!) ER... UH... ABBA...

ABBA... I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHIN'!

I DIDN'T TURN OFF THUH LIGHT IN OUR ROOM! GOTTA GO BACK!

HEY, QUIT IT! THAT WON'T DO ANY GOOD!

BESIDES, WE HIT THE BULL'S-EYE!

W-WE DID?

GREAT GUNK!

SPLASH!

(GLUB!) WHUT WAS THAT?

A TRUCK-SIZE BOULDER JUST MISSED US BY TWO INCHES!

COME TO THINK OF IT, IF WE HADN'T BEEN SLOWED DOWN SLIGHTLY BY YOUR BACK-PADDLING, WE'D HAVE BEEN CRUSHED LIKE AN EGGSHELL!

UH-OH! HERE COMES ANOTHER ONE!

I BETTER BACK PEDAL SOME MORE SO'S THAT ONE WILL MISS US, TOO!

NO, WAIT! I DON'T THINK IT'S GOING TO...

HIT US!

OOF!

CRASH

HA! THAT GOT 'EM! THEY DISAPPEARED UNDER WATER!

WE BETTER WAIT A FEW MINUTES AND MAKE SURE!

SHORTLY...

NOT A SIGN OF 'EM! JUST THE BUSTED BOAT! THEY COULDN'T HOLD THEIR BREATH THIS LONG!

LET'S GET BACK TO THE PLANTATION AND TAKE CARE OF TOM!

HE WENT TO TOWN TRYING TO GET WORKERS TO PICK THE PINEAPPLE CROP, BUT WE DID A GOOD JOB SPREADING THE WORD THAT THE PLANTATION IS KAPU... FORBIDDEN!

PSST, MICK! THINK IT'S SAFE TO COME OUT?

WE'LL TAKE A CHANCE! STICK CLOSE TO THE R SIDE, SO THEY'D HAVE A HARDER TIME HITTING US!

THEM?

SURE! THOSE ROCKS WERE NO ACCIDENT! SOMEONE'S AFTER OUR HIDES!

GAWRSH. IF I HADN'T BACK-PEDALLED *THAT* TIME THEY WOULDN'T HAVE HIT US!

OH, WELL. CAN'T WIN 'EM ALL! GUESS THEY FIGURE THEY GOT US. AND MAYBE IT'S BETTER THAT WAY!

ANYWAY, WE'RE SURE THAT ORDINARY, UN-LEGENDARY TYPE PEOPLE AND *NOT* MYTHICAL MIDGETS ARE BEHIND THIS PINEAPPLE-POACHING!

WHAT MAKES YUH TH NK SO?

REMEMBER TOM SAID THE MENEHUNES WORK ONLY AT NIGHT AND ARE SHY AND HARMLESS!... SO IF CROOK-TYPE PEOPLE ARE STEALING THE CROP, TOM KANAKANUI IS IN REAL TROUBLE!

WHOEVER TRIED TO GET RID OF US IS AFTER BIGGER STAKES THAN A FEW PINEAPPLES! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE FAST!

HOW ARE WE GONNA GET OUT WITHOUT A BOAT?

WE COULD BUILD A RAFT, BUT WE'D HAVE TO DODGE BOULDERS! AND THEN THERE'D BE THE SURF TO CONTEND WITH! THERE MUST BE A WAY UP THESE CLIFFS!

SNAP!

YIPE!

OOF!

I'D HATE TO HAVE THAT HAPPEN TWO FEET FROM THE TOP!

YOU SAID IT! YOU'D PROB'LY DRIVE ME RIGHT INTO THUH GROUND!

DOGGONE. THERE *HAS* TO BE A WAY UP! *SOMEBODY* BROUGHT YOUR HAT BACK UP AFTER IT WENT OVER THAT 700-FOOT WATER-FALL YESTERDAY!

R-RUMBLE!

UH-OH! THUNDER!

KA-SH! BOOM!

WOW! WHEN IT RAINS HERE, THERE'S NO FOOLING AROUND WITH PRELIMINARIES!

WELL. THERE'S THE WATERFALL... 700 FEET STRAIGHT UP!

GAWRSH! LOOKUT ALL THUH JUNK COMIN' DOWN!

GUESS THE CLOUDBURST WASHED IT DOWN OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS... LET'S WAIT OUT THE RAIN UNDER THIS OVER-HANGING ROCK!

THE STEADY SOUND OF RAIN. AND THE ROAR OF THE FALLS EXERT A HYPNOTIC EFFECT ON THE WEARY LADS. AND SOON...

ZOOP! SPLOOT!

Z Z Z Z Z

A BIT LATER...

SPLUT! COFF! HAK! GURGLE!

GLAB! BLURB!

G-GAWRSH, MICK! I HAD THUH AWFULLEST DREAM! LIKE I WAS DROWNIN'!

YEOW! I-IT'S NO DREAM!

OMIGOSH! THE WHOLE VALLEY'S FLOODED!

HOW COME? IS THUH OCEAN TOO FULL OF WATER?

SOME OF THAT DEBRIS MUST HAVE CAUGHT ON THOSE BOULDERS THAT WERE DUMPED ON US, CREATING A DAM!

G-GAWRSH! WHUT'LL WE DO?

LET'S GO DOWN AND HAVE A LOOK! IF THE RAIN KEEPS UP, THIS FLOOD MIGHT COVER THE TREE-TOPS! THEN WE'D BE IN *REAL* TROUBLE!

SHORTLY...

YEP! JUST AS I FIGURED! A PACK OF GIANT BEAVERS COULDN'T HAVE DONE A BETTER JOB!

THE MORE DEBRIS THAT'S WASHED DOWN, THE HIGHER THE DAM WILL GET! LET'S TRY AND KEEP IT FROM GETTING ANY BIGGER!

S-SUPPOSE IT BUSTS?

THEN WE'D KNOW HOW IT WOULD FEEL TO GO OVER NIAGARA FALLS IN A BARREL! DON'T LET ANY MORE DEBRIS GET TANGLED!

(GULP!) ABBA... ABBA...

A-A-ABBA

WHAT DID YOU SAY? WHAT'S WRONG?

A-ABBA... ABBA... AB... ABBA BA_BA...

WELL, BUG MY EYEBALLS! THE *MENEHUNES!*

TO BE CONCLUDED

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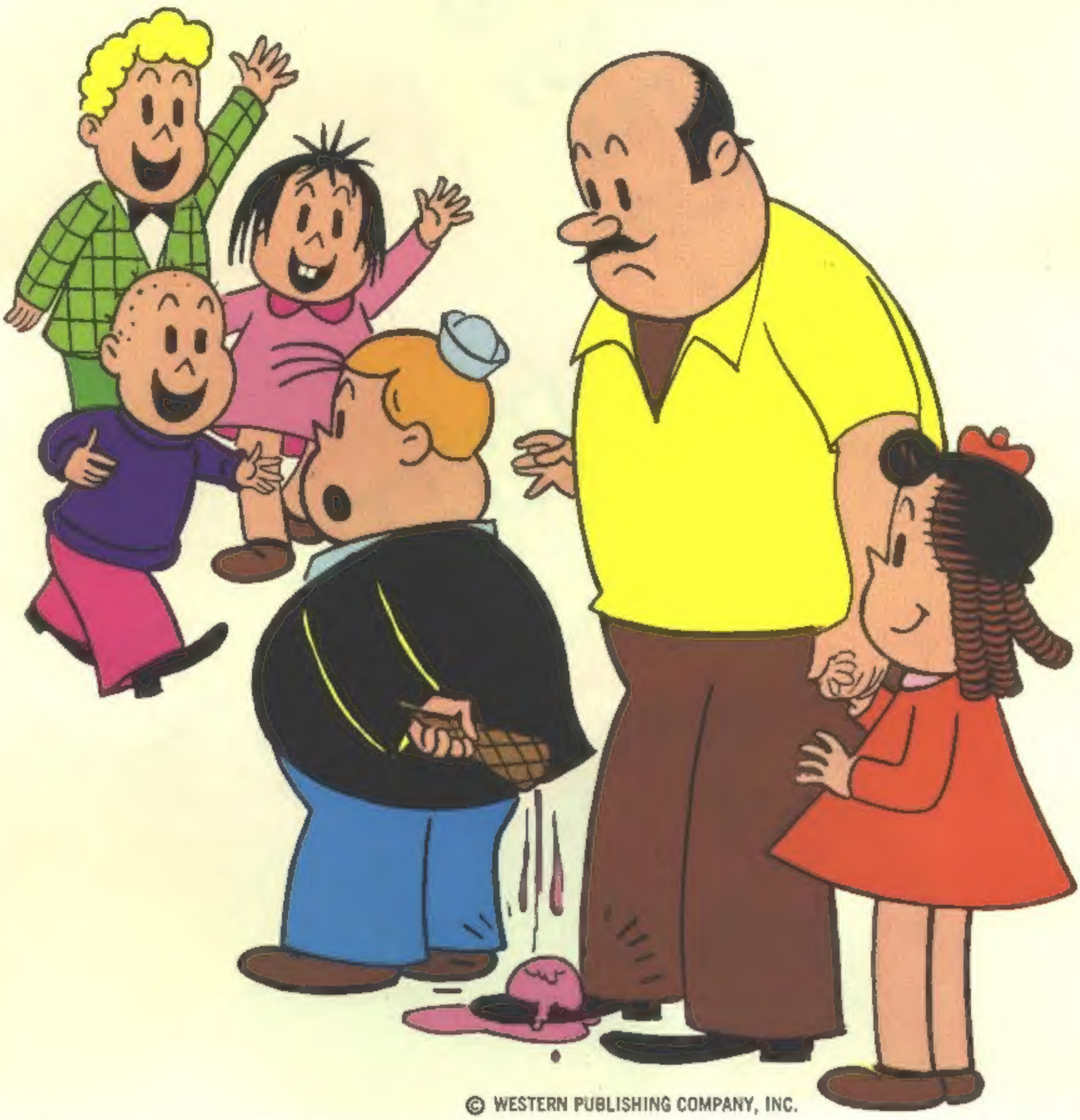

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